

A FLOOD OF BILLS.

The Largest Number Ever Introduced in the Senate.

Old and New Measures Brought Up For Action.

The total number of bills and joint resolutions introduced in the United States Senate on Monday was 394, a larger number than was ever before introduced in one day. Among the bills presented by the Senators were a few new ones of genuine importance and a number of old ones which failed of passage last session.

The most interesting of the former was Senator Beck's bill regarding the circulation of coin certificates, which he entitled: "A bill for the retirement of United States legal tender and national bank notes of small denominations, and the issue of coin certificates." Its purpose is fairly described in the title, and it endeavors to secure its object by preventing the issue of United States notes of less than \$10, limiting national bank notes of less than \$10 to one-fourth of the entire circulation, substituting coin certificates for silver and gold certificates, which shall be retired when they are received at the Treasury, and authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue these coin certificates in denominations less than \$30 on all the surplus gold and silver coin and bullion in excess of \$100,000,000 of gold.

Senator Bowen touched upon the same subject by his bill providing a new guarantee for bank circulation, and his old bill for the unlimited coinage of silver. Both these branches of the financial subject were well represented among the bills of the other Senators.

Senator Blair, among a series of labor and temperance bills, put in his old Educational bill again, and Senator Cameron reintroduced, with some slight changes, his bill permitting the International Navigation Company to bring their fleet of foreign built vessels under the American register. This bill adds also the permission to replace any of their fleet lost or destroyed with new vessels constructed or purchased in foreign countries. He also introduced his last session's bill to promote the foreign trade of the United States, which provides compensation for carrying the mails to vessels of specified classes at rates varying from four cents to four and four-fifths cents per 100 tons per mile.

Among other bills were the following: By Edmunds—Appropriating \$2,000,000 for the establishment of a postal telegraph system, with four main trunk lines, centering at Washington, and lateral branches to connect with leading cities generally, to be operated by the Postoffice Department.

By Mitchell—To regulate immigration and prevent the introduction of an objectionable class of citizens.

By Fugh—To refer all claims coming before Congress to a committee having power to send them to the Court of Claims.

By Dolph—To amend the Constitution, giving Congress power to make laws to govern marriages and divorces.

By Eustis—Providing for a joint celebration at the national capital in 1889 by the 16 American Republics in honor of the centennial of the Constitution of the parent Republic—the United States. The bill appropriates \$100,000 for this purpose and provides a commission to have charge of the celebration.

By Turpie—For the admission as States of Washington and Dakota Territories.

By Hoar—For the erection of a monument to the negro soldiers and sailors who gave their lives for the preservation of the country.

By Chandler—Fixing the salaries of the several Judges of the United States District Courts at \$5,000 yearly.

By Cullom—For a pension to the widow of General John A. Logan; also for a constitutional amendment in relation to bigamy and polygamy; also to reimburse several States for interest paid on war bonds.

By Hale—To prohibit the letting of government work to contractors employing convict labor.

By Dawes—A bill to grant lands in severalty to Sioux Indians in Dakota.

By Manderson—The Dependent Pension bill, endorsed by the Grand Army of the Republic. Mr. Manderson said he would address the Senate in favor of the bill.

By Vance—To repeal the Civil Service law.

By Stewart—For the issue of Coin Certificates.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

HARD coal is worth \$16 a ton at Los Angeles, Cal.

VENICE, Italy, is slowly but surely sinking into the sea.

THE States of Georgia, South Carolina and Louisiana pay taxes on \$48,000,000 worth of property.

A YOUNG mulatto girl who barks furiously and constantly like a dog is a curiosity of Starke, Fla.

A WOMAN living in Watkinsville, Ga., has become the mother of five children within the last eleven months.

BIRDS' nest and sharks' fins were served at a recent dinner given by the Chinese Minister in Washington.

IN Charleston, S. C., \$150,000 in Confederate bills were sold the other day at twenty-five cents per thousand.

THERE are nine British missionary societies now laboring in Africa, with an aggregate annual expenditure of \$1,000,000.

THE final estimate for the potato crop in the United States is 134,000,000 bushels, against 165,000,000 bushels last year.

A BLOOD-RED owl was caught in the woods near Jacksonville, Ill., the other day. It is the only one of the kind ever seen in the State.

SNYDER, the Indiana man who has been walking for three years constantly, presumably from some peculiar physical malady, is dead.

A FEW CENTENARIANS.

JUST one week before her death, Mrs. Harriet Baker, of Philadelphia, walked to the cemetery and selected her own burial spot. She was 102 years old.

ONE of the oldest Democrats in the United States is Captain Nicholas Costello, of Boston, who is 104 years of age, and voted the straight ticket at the late election.

MRS. RACHEL IRELAND, of Covington, Ky., has just celebrated her 100th anniversary. She walks two miles to church, is in health, and of sound mind.

MRS. MARY GILBERT, of Gloucester, Mass., has just celebrated her 101st birthday, on which occasion she recited a poem with a delivery that might excite the envy of many elocutionists.

MATHEW W. BURCHARD, of Detroit, will be 100 years of age on the next 4th of July. He is a native of Massachusetts and a self-made man. He rises early and sits up all day, enjoys life and has eleven children.

LATER NEWS.

THE REV. CHARLES A. BERRY, of Wolverhampton, England, has declined to accept the pastorate of Plymouth Church, to which he had been called some time since.

Mrs. John J. Astor, the leader of fashionable New York society, is dead in her sixty-second year.

FORTY-TWO United States prisoners, the largest party of the sort on record, have just been taken in a batch from Indian Territory to Fort Smith, Arkansas.

A SHOCK from an electric bell wire behind the scenes instantly killed Stage Manager James O'Connell, of Andrews's "Michael Strogoff" Company in Cincinnati.

THE first cremation in Michigan has just taken place at Detroit. The body cremated was that of Mrs. Barbara Schow, of Millersburg, Ohio.

THIRTY Chinese women, who arrived recently in San Francisco, claiming previous residence, have been refused a landing.

REV. I. S. KALLOCH, ex-Mayor of San Francisco, who was shot and severely wounded by Charles De Young, proprietor of the San Francisco Chronicle, eight years ago, has just died in Washington Territory. De Young was afterward shot to death by Kalloch's son, whose trial resulted in an acquittal.

E. L. HARPER has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for criminal acts in connection with his position as Vice-President of the Fidelity National Bank at Cincinnati.

M. FALLIERE having been as unsuccessful as M. Goblet in forming a new French cabinet, President Carnot called upon M. Tirard to make the third attempt to organize a ministry.

YAQUI Indians are devastating a large region in Mexico despite a big force of troops hunting close on their trail.

LARGE seed and oil mills at Driffield, England, have been destroyed by fire; loss, \$750,000.

THE General Executive Board of the Knights of Labor have issued a circular, prepared by Grand Master Workman Powderly, attacking Jay Gould for his monopolistic tendencies and strongly favoring the establishment of a postal telegraph by the National Government.

HENRY S. IVES, the young New York financier, who failed recently for many millions, has been arrested upon the charge of grand larceny, growing out of his railroad transactions, and held in \$25,000 bail.

MAYOR O'BRIEN has been re-elected in Boston by 26,621 to votes to 24,865 for Hart, nominee of the Republicans and Independents. The Common Council is Democratic. Salem and Newburyport have gone Republican, and with Worcester have been carried in favor of liquor license.

MAYOR LATROBE, of Baltimore, welcomed the delegates to the second annual convention of the National Federation of Labor, and President Gompers replied.

A FIRE in Chicago destroyed nearly one million dollars' worth of property.

A BALLOON, containing a man who had evidently starved to death, tumbled from the sky to earth, near Owensboro, Ky.

A JOINT committee of the Presbyterian Church, North and South, have been in session at Louisville, Ky., considering the question of organic union.

THE second National Convention of third and fourth class postmasters of the United States met in Washington. About 250 postmasters were present, representing twenty-three States.

THE charges against M. Wilson, ex-President Grevy's son-in-law, accused of participation in the sale of French decorations to whoever would buy, have been dismissed. The affair has created a great scandal in France.

MME. BOUCACT, a wealthy Parisian lady, just deceased, leaves by will \$3,000,000 to charity.

GENERAL DIGBY WILLOUGHBY, ex-Minister of England to Madagascar, has been arrested for embezzling \$60,000 government bonds.

PRESIDENT CARNOT's first message to the French Parliament is considered a weak document.

M. HERTENSTEIN has been elected President of the Swiss Republic.

PERILS OF HUNTING.

FRANK ENTERLEIN, of Galloway, N. J., lost an arm by the premature discharge of his gun while hunting.

WILLIAM MERRITT, of Newark, lost the calf of his leg by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting in the Berkshire valley woods.

CAPTAIN REYNOLDS, of Raddon Court, Litchford, England, lost his life by his gun exploding as he was climbing a fence. The charge shattered his left knee, and amputation did not save him.

PATRICK HANXON, of Springfield, Massachusetts, seventeen years of age, must go without his right hand in future. He was shooting ducks when his gun burst, and the fingers of the right hand went flying after the game.

MISS CATHERINE SIMONDS, who lived near Reading, England, lost her life while hunting. Her horse stumbled in a rabbit hole, Miss Simonds fell, and her horse kicked out her brains before she could be rescued.

THE Brothers Jenkins, living near Sawdust, Columbia County, Georgia, went con hunting, and bayed a possum in a log. While cutting the game out the axe slipped, and one of the brothers received a fractured skull.

WITH his hand hanging in shreds William Erwin, of Morris Plains, N. J., walked to a hospital, where the wounded member was amputated. He had been hunting rabbits, and his gun had been prematurely discharged.

JOHN and Cyrus Mark, of Pueblo, Col., went duck shooting, and, seeing a flock, were creeping upon them through the brush. Cyrus was just behind his brother. His gun caught in the brush and was discharged, and John fell dead, having received the contents in his back.

FOUR young men started out of Watertown partridge hunting. With guns cocked ready for firing, they were running after a partridge, when George W. Adams stumbled, his gun was discharged, and Charles McCormick, receiving the contents, was instantly killed.

FOREVER.

They sat together in the sun
And Youth and Hope stood hovering near,
Like dropping bell-notes one by one
Chimed the glad moments soft and clear;
And still amid their happy speech,
The lovers whispered each to each,
"Forever!"

Youth spread his wings of rainbow light,
"Farewell!" he whispered as he went,
They heeded not nor mourned his flight,
Wrapped in their measureless content:
And still they smiled, and still was heard
The confidently-uttered word,
"Forever!"

Hope stayed, her steadfast smile was sweet,
Until the even-time she stayed;
Then, with reluctant, noiseless feet
She stole into the solemn shade;
A graver fate moved gently by,
And bent and murmured warningly
"Forever!"

And then—where sat the two, sat one!
No voice spoke back, no glance replied,
Behind her, where she rested lone,
Hovered the spectre, solemn-eyed;
She met his look without a thrill
And smiling faintly, whispered still
"Forever!"

O, sweet, sweet Youth! O, fading Hope!
O, eyes by tearful mists made blind!
O, hands which vainly reach and grope
For a familiar touch and kind,
Time pauseth for no lover's kiss;
Love for its solace has but this—
"Forever!"

—Susan Coolidge.

A CLEVER CAPTURE.

At three o'clock one morning twenty years ago I was on a railroad train going from Portage, Wisconsin, to Milwaukee. I had been out on some private detective work for parties in the latter city, and had succeeded so well that I was both happy and sleepless. This was the reason I was not in a sleeping car, fast held in the arms of slumber, instead of occupying a seat in the common coach, with my eyes very wide open and my wits all about me.

I may say, without egotism, that I am an observing man. There are others in plenty, but the greater half of humanity go through life with their eyes half shut. My father was a Sheriff for many years, and, as a boy, he taught me to observe and remember. If I went down town or out for a walk, I had to tell him, when I got home, who and what I had seen. On one occasion, for failing to report a loose horse I had seen in the road, I got a sound thrashing, and again, for failing to report a street fight, my liberty was taken away for four days. I can thus truthfully say to you that I had the habit of observation linked into me, while nature had kindly furnished me with a very retentive memory. By and by I began to study human character as a profession, and I liked it. I learned to read men's characteristics by their faces, and their thoughts by their actions, and on two occasions this faculty of perception prevented jail deliveries.

I was wide awake, as I have told you, when the train stopped at a country station on signal. It barely came to a standstill, and only one passenger got aboard. The car was pretty well filled, and such of the passengers as had seats alone were stretched out in sleep. I had sized up every one near me, and had counted up two honest old farmers, a drover, two milliners, a mechanic and family, and a house painter who was evidently going to the city for work. No one seemed to notice the entrance of the new passenger. It was in October, and he had on a fall overcoat. He carried a heavy valise in one hand, and he came down the aisle, looking from right to left, until he finally reached my seat. I moved to the window as a hint that I was ready to share it with him, but he hesitated for a long minute, and looked at me sharply three or four times before he finally sat down. The satchel he placed between his feet. He had not uttered a word, and after sitting down he seemed to forget all about me.

"Hello! but I have found a two-legged hog," I said to myself after a bit. "I offered him half my seat of my own free will, and he seems to be mad because I did not surrender it all. Old fellow, you are an H.O.G., and no mistake. Let me look you over a bit."

I leaned back against the window, pretended to shut my eyes and resume my nap, and then inventoried the fellow. He had a hard, cruel face on him, and I felt sure he was a man with little mercy in his heart. I had not been looking at him over two minutes when I saw that he was taking shy glances at me, and that he was quite anxious about the satchel. In the course of five minutes he turned around and gave me a thorough looking over, and I read in the gesture of his hand and the toss of his head that he said to himself:

"Bah! Why should I be afraid of him?"

His dress was that of a barkeeper—rather flashy. The jewelry he wore gave him away as well. If he was not a barkeeper he was at least the owner of a saloon, and, from his build, I judged him to be a pugilist of more or less local fame. After one general look at his dress, I began at his collar to make a closer inspection. His shirt collar kept working up to annoy him, and I said to myself that the button was gone and he had fastened it with a pin. In his twisting around he pulled his overcoat back, and I saw that the top button on his undercoat had been pulled out by a violent jerk, leaving a hole in the cloth. The coat was new, and it would take a heavy wrench to pull the button out that way. I followed his arm down to his right hand, and across the back of it was a long scratch. It was a fresh scratch, for the marks of blood still lingered. My eyes dropped to the stranger's right leg,

and I saw that his knee was damp and soiled. He had certainly fallen on the ground. I might have reasoned that he had met with a very common accident, but I didn't. I said to myself:

"Old fellow, you have locked horns with somebody to get mugged up this way. It is a scrape you don't want known, for you keep throwing anxious glances at me. If it was only an accident you'd get up and fix that collar, growl a little over the spot on your knee, and cuss the railroad company for having a depot platform unprotected by a railing at the ends. Wonder what you've got in that satchel? A traveller with a few clothes in a satchel does not have to keep his foot on it while everybody around him is asleep. You are no cucumber, old fellow, and you've got something in there worth watching. I'll try a little trick on you."

I had my right hand in my pocket. I carefully worked my knife out, and as it fell to the floor I gave a start, woke up, and bent down to look for it. As I moved my hand toward his feet he quickly bent down and moved the satchel into the aisle. Then I was satisfied that my surmises were right. Was he a burglar, and did the satchel contain his kit? It was more probable that he was just returning from an expedition to the country, and that the satchel was full of plunder. I was perfectly satisfied as to my man, and I made up my mind to have him arrested as a suspicious character as soon as we reached the city. That was what I did take place, only, as there were no officers about the depot as we arrived, I had to take the fellow myself. I let him reach the door of the depot, and then put my hand on his shoulder. He dropped the satchel and made a bolt, but, fortunately, he ran plump against a hackman who was entering, and both were upset. Before he could get up I had him nipped. On the way to the station house, and speaking for the first time, he asked:

"How did you know it was me?"

"Oh, easy enough," I answered.

"Well, he didn't act square with me, or it would never have come to this."

I had no idea to what he referred; but seeing that he was ready to talk, and being anxious to take advantage of the moment, I asked:

"Do you think he is dead?"

"Dead as a herring, and the old woman with him. However, they can't punish me any more for two than one. I was after my own, and when they wouldn't give it to me I determined to take all."

"What weapon did you use?"

"Got the axe from the back yard."

"And when you had finished off the old couple you robbed the house, eh?"

"Well, I took what I wanted, and if I hadn't been the biggest fool on earth you wouldn't have nabbed me."

"How?"

"Why, boarding the train at that little station. It was the act of a lunatic, but after I left the farm house I got frightened. I ran across the fields, fell down, imagined that I was pursued, and bore off to the station and hoisted the signal myself for the train to stop. I suppose Rider gave you the tip and put you onto me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll kill him, on sight. That is (with a little laugh) I will if I get the chance."

I knew Rider to be a Milwaukee gambler and a hard case, but was completely in the dark as to what crime his prisoner had committed. It was probably a murder, and near the station where he got on, and from his statements I inferred that it was an old couple. He had pumped himself, and it was certain that I had made a big catch. When we reached the station, however, my troubles began.

There is always an ill-feeling between police and private detectives. This feeling comes almost entirely from the police. They look upon the private detective as a sort of guerilla, ready to break up the happiest homes or to sell out to the highest bidder. This, unfortunately, is true in many cases, but not in all. As I entered with the prisoner the Captain in charge roughly demanded by what right I had made an arrest.

"The right which any man has to arrest a murderer," I replied.

"A murderer? Bosh! Where did you get him?"

"At the depot."

"Well, I shan't lock him up. Let's see (to the man), but your face is familiar to me."

"I am Charley Short, bartender in Harrigan's saloon."

"Ah! so you are. Well, what story is this about a murder?"

"All nonsense, sh," replied Short, who saw how things were drifting and sought to take advantage. "I was on a spree last night and this bloke saw me at the depot and wanted to play smart."

"Well, you can make it cost him dear if you will."

"I propose to. Here, take these irons off my wrists!"

The satchel was on the floor at my feet. Lifting it up I said to the Captain:

"An old couple living about forty miles from the city were murdered by this man after midnight last night. Examine this satchel if you want proof."

"There's nothing in there but laundry work," boldly replied Short. "I set out with it in my hand last night and didn't get drunk enough to lose it. Open her up and let the Captain see."

"Take the irons off this man?" commanded the Captain as he waved the satchel down. "If he doesn't capias you before dinner he's not the man I take him to be."

"Aye! he shall pay for putting the irons on to me. Why don't you take 'em off?"

Was I dreaming. Had I made a fool of myself? Had this man confessed a murder to me? I was staggered for the moment. Then I tore at the satchel and burst off the poor old lock, and as the receptacle flew open I emptied its

contents on the floor. Gold, greenbacks, silver, bonds, and jewelry!

"Curse you!" growled the prisoner, as he turned away.

The captain turned as pale as death. There were the proofs, and he stared at them for a full minute before he could say:

"Well, this is a go! I shall lock you up, Short."

"The man was registered and taken down stairs, and then we counted up the contents of the satchel, and made out a value of over \$12,000. When this had been completed I went out after Rider, and inside of an hour he was behind the bars. He went all to pieces as soon as I charged him with having put up the job for Short to carry out, but denied it in the most vigorous manner."

"Short has been telling for a year," he said, "what his uncle did in the country was going to do for him. A few weeks ago the old man found out what a bad pill his nephew was, and since then Short has been up a tree. He told me a week ago that he'd have some of their money one way or the other, and when he talked about killing and robbing, I did my best to put the idea out of his head. He softened up a bit, and I supposed he had given over. If Charley Short says I ever advised him to murder and rob, or that I have had eyes on him for a week past, he's the biggest liar on earth."

Well, curiously enough, we had a murderer on hand without a murder. That is, no crime had yet been reported. I had secured the murderer without a hunt. It was not so easy to find the murder. A telegram was sent to the agent at the station where Short had boarded the train, and he replied that he had heard of no crime. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before he sent a dispatch, saying that an old couple, living about three miles away, had been found in their house with their heads chopped to pieces with an axe. That was the crime of which Short was guilty and for which he was tried. When he knew that he was in for it he turned boaster, and felt himself a hero. He was delighted to give me all the particulars. He said:

"I lived with Uncle and Aunt Desbro until I was of age. Indeed, I was an adopted son, both my own parents being dead. I came into the city nine years ago as a drygoods clerk. After a time I got in with some bad fellows, lost my place and went to the dogs. For the last three years I have been a gambler, boxer, and confidence man. Uncle went back on me a good while ago, refusing to give me a dollar. He had in his hands money which honestly belonged to me, for I had worked hard for him for thirteen years. I went out there the other day, to see if he would not give me \$800 to buy an interest in a saloon. Aunt Mary was for giving it to me, but the old man was as ugly as a Turk. We got into a wrangle at the supper table, and he ordered me out of the house."

"I went," said Short after a pause, "and it was only after that I got the idea of robbing the house. The old man never banked a dollar, but kept everything in a bureau in his bedroom. I sat down on a fence corner on the highway, and thought it all over. I made up my mind that I would enter the house after they got to sleep, and steal what I could lay hands on. I did go in about 11 o'clock, gaining access by a kitchen window. I took the axe in with me to intimidate them in case I was discovered. While my uncle was sixty years old, he was a vigorous, hearty man, and capable of making a strong fight. I don't know whether he suspected I might come back, but I had not reached the bedroom when some slight noise I made roused him out of bed, and he struck a light and discovered me."

"I want it to stand in court that he was the aggressor. When he saw me he yelled out to know what I was doing there. I told him I was bound and determined to have \$800, and if he would count it out I would go away and never trouble him for another dollar. He had a big club at the head of his bed, and instead of stopping to argue with me he seized the weapon and rushed at me. I had to use the axe. He would have killed me if I hadn't struck him down. Then my aunt came out, screaming for help, and she was about to escape from the house when I hit her. After I had made sure they were both dead I went at it to rob the house, and the plunder I got you found in the satchel. That's the whole story, sir, and if the lawyers can make anything else out of it, let 'em."

It seemed such a straight case that there could be no loophole of escape, but within three days after Short had confessed to me he engaged two lawyers, recanted all he had said, and when put on trial pleaded insanity. His friends, as was afterward known, raised \$200 for each lawyer, and the lawyers moved heaven and earth to earn their money. One of the instances of Short's alleged insanity was a clear case of bribery and perjury. A man was brought forward to swear that he sat behind the two of us as we came in that morning on the train, and that he heard Short tell me that he had killed seventeen people and was then on his way to Heaven to tell God about it. The person in the seat behind us was a woman, while the seat ahead was occupied by two women. This liar's testimony had great weight, or enough to call for a commission of doctors to examine and pass upon the question, and before the case was finished Short died in his prison bed of heart disease.—New York Star.

The report that short sealskin jackets are the fashion abroad is evidently started by some interested paterfamilias with a desire to save enough money from the cost of the long ones to pay the butcher's bills for a year or buy a paid-up insurance policy.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A poet sings: "Two Chords I Struck." Perhaps he struck because he was too lazy to saw them.—Philadelphia Call.